

Paul and Derek kiss standing by the open door of the bedroom, grabbing to each other with fierce passion and removing each other's clothes as they walk in.

Derek

What did you say to her?

Paul

You don't wanna know.

They continue to kiss and move farther into the room.

Derek

Seriously, Paul, what did you say to her?

Paul

Nothing.

They continue to kiss.

Derek

Come on, tell me.

Paul tries to kiss Derek, he resists.

Paul

what the fuck do you care? what the fuck do you care? what the fuck do you care, faggot?

Pause, Derek appears to sink.

Derek

I think you should admit that...

Paul

Don't even say it. I'll make you regret ever sticking your tongue in my mouth.

Derek

Does it feel good? her pink little pussy? do you go down on her?

Paul pushes Derek on the bed.

Paul

Fuck you. you know I'm leaving. you

know I'm leaving. Damn it!

Paul exits the room, grabs keys and a jacket from the living room and leaves the apartment.

Derek grabs the 8mm camera from the table, sets it up and begins to film himself.